

Judith Hetherington 2015
Untitled

Your leaving broke my breadth and depth.

No body, no mind, no heart space.

I heard your last cry

I too wanted help from the madness of Misrata

Each night drawing me down its labyrinth without any string.

Silently you answered.

I opened the door, past the guards

Peace, be still they said.

There you were lying peacefully swaddled safely in your blanket
shroud. Taking your astral sleep.

My Telemachus, My Sleeping Soldier.

Gaddafi's shrapnel sacrifice.